

Poynt. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the
duell.

Prince. Else he had bin damnd for eolening the diuell,

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a
clocke early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to Canturbury
with itch offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purfes.
I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues. Gads-
hill lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke supper to morrow
night in Eastcheape: we may do it as secure as sleep: if you wil go,
I will stuffe your purfes full of crownes: if you wil not, tarie at
home and be hangd.

Fals. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarrie at home and go not, I le
hang you for going.

Po. You will chops.

Fals. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Fals. Ther's neither honestie, manhood, nor good fellowship
in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royall, if thou darrest not
stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my daies I le be a madcap.

Fals. Why that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, I le tarrie at home.

Fals. By the Lord I le be a traitour then, when thou art King.

Prince. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I wil lay
him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

Fals. Well, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, and him the
eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue, and what
he hears, may be beleueed, that the true prince may (for recreation
take) proue a false theefe, for the poore abuses of the time want
countenance: farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter spring, farewell Alhollowne summer.

Poy. Now my good sweete hony Lord, ride with vs to mor-
row, I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Fal-
saffe, Haruey, Rosill, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we
haue already way-laid, your selfe & I will not be there: and when
they haue the bootie, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head
from my shoulders.